



OVERHEARD AT SCARBOROUGH.

"DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING GOOD FOR A COLD?" "YES."
 "WHAT IS IT?" "NO."
 "HAVE YOU GOT THE PRICE OF TWO SCOTCH WHISKIES ON YOU?" "NO."
 "THEN IT'S NO USE MY TELLING YOU."

POST OFFICE REGULATIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that coals are doing so well, Lord LONDONDERRY ought to be able to spare some of his leisure to the Post-offices under his control. Among other things, may I ask why offices provided for the public service and established in the domains of grocers, bakers, stationers, and other private speculators in the Early Closing Districts of the suburbs, are shut at an hour which precludes

the dweller in the neighbourhood from buying stamps or obtaining postal orders?

Secondly, why post-masters and post-mistresses may not, unless they be so graciously inclined, give change for the coinage impressed with Her Majesty's likeness?

Thirdly, when one wishes to "express" a letter, the clerk employed by the Department which desires to abolish the Boy Messenger Company is so paralysed that he has to turn up at least two books of

reference before he can decide what the correct fee may be.

Fourthly, may I ask whether the love affairs of the damsels employed by the authorities of St. Martins-le-Grand take precedence of the ordinary despatch of missives and the delivery of, say, post cards?

If Lord LONDONDERRY would make enquiry into these matters he would greatly oblige,
 Your obedient Servant,

PETER SIMPLE, JUN.

Pump Court, W.C.

BEARDED IN HIS DEN.

[It is reported, states the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent, that KRAUGER has cut his whiskers and is growing a moustache and a long goatee beard.]

I HEARD a voice that spoke to me,
 And filled me with despair;
 At first it seemed to croan to me,
 Beware!

I heard a voice; could I believe
 The warning it did bear?
 Or was it merely to deceive?
 Take care!

I heard a voice; it seemed to say:
 "The whiskers that you wear
 Are emblems of a former day—
 There's 'air!'"

"CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT."

(From our Special Correspondent) Sunday.

I LEARN on undoubted authority that Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti has been attacked and is in flames. It is feared 3,000 British are massacred. British Consul disappeared. The five British still besieged in the—(consulate?) ask for help.

(By very trustworthy Native Runner.)
 Monday.

Attack on Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti confirmed. The 3,000 British who are reported massacred, in great danger. Urgent appeals for help and cast-off clothing.

(By trustworthy Native Runner.) Tuesday.

Reported attack on Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti officially denied. Thirty British isolated, without food. Send a few dog-biscuits. Anything but ham sandwiches acceptable.

(By Native Runner) Wednesday.

Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti safe. Hope of saving British. Food plentiful.

(By Runner) Thursday.

Officially stated no British in Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti; never were. No massacre in Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti. No such place as Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti.

SUGGESTION FOR THE TITLE OF A PUNTING RACE (say at Richmond Regatta).—The Monte Carlo Handicap.



"SATIS PLUS."

Auntie. "WELL, DEAR, HAVE YOU HAD ENOUGH TEA?"
Olive. "OH, YES, THANK YOU, AUNTIE. MUCH TOO MUCH!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHEN in *Paris of To-day* (GAY AND BIRD) KATHARINE DE FOREST describes her work as "an intimate account of its people, its home life, and its places of interest," one feels she has undertaken an ambitious and difficult task. My Baronite confesses that it is accomplished with notable success. She knows her Paris *au fond*, and has the gift of communicating her impressions in lucid and sprightly fashion. She deals with the life and the people of the great city at home and in the streets. She is equally familiar with the Chamber of Deputies, the Ministries, Art life and its institutions. In connection with the French writers she avails herself of a series of photographs, apparently due to American enterprise, which give an undesigned touch of comicality to what is really a serious work. There is shown JULES CLARETIE "in his library"; also in a fez, a brodered coat, and deep thought. Item, ZOLA "in his study," sitting at a table that looks like a sarcophagus. Item, EDMOND ROSTAND, carefully posed in a chair, with that far-away look in his eyes an author always takes on when "in his library." Item, PIERRE LOTI, disguised as a Moor, with surroundings *en suite*. These are delightfully French. One secret of the charm of the French capital MADAME DE FOREST finds in the fact that everything in Paris is for everybody, and everybody is apparently getting his share of enjoyment out of it. "Study the streets of Paris if you want to understand her." That is shrewdly written. To my Baronite a fundamental difference between London and Paris is that in one capital the people seem chiefly in a hurry to get out of the streets; in the other they linger lovingly along their leafy ways.

Pictures of the Old French Court (FISHER UNWIN) is an attractive book, alike in appearance and subject. My Baronite eagerly seized it from a pile, looking forward to a few hours' pleasant reading. But, alack! Mistress CATHERINE BEARNE, overwhelmed with ancient learning and wealth of detail, is not gifted with lucidity. She babbles along at tremendous rate, dragging in long lists of names of men, women, and places in

tangle of inextricable confusion. Here is a specimen of her breathless style, which in this particular passage suggests a quotation from one of MARK TWAIN'S invaluable historical works:—"Meanwhile the King" (don't matter which, heaps of 'em) "had another attack worse than ever. He was very fierce, so that no one dared go near him, and refused to undress or wash. This went on so long, and he got into such a dreadful state, that the doctor said it must be stopped somehow. Ten or twelve men, therefore, disguised themselves, wore armour under their clothes and blackened their faces. Then they rushed into the King's room. The King was so frightened that he let them get close to him, and then they seized him, undressed him, and washed him, and put clean clothes on him." To learn what became of his Majesty in these unwonted circumstances, overhaul the wollum. THE BARON DE B.-W.

ELEGY IN A TERMINUS.

HERE, where the roof with iron girders spanned
Veils from my sight the vault of heaven's blue,
In meditative mood I take my stand,
Simply because I've nothing else to do.

On ev'ry side a dreadful chaos reigns;
The locomotives whistle loud and shrill.
I wait for the departure of the trains;
They're legion, yet how rapidly they fill.

The season has once more arrived, worse luck,
When schools break up and exodus begins;
'Tis now the slyly undulating truck
Will do its very best to bark your shins.

Now at the booking-office I will look;
As pilgrims for their long-sought Mecca yearn,
So onward press the crowd who wish to book
A monthly or a fortnightly return.

Paterfamilias observe, with heaps
Of bulky parcels which he tightly grips;
The brawny porter stirs himself, and reaps
A harvest of remunerative tips.

Eheu fugaces! nothing seems to last,
And life's a mass of commonplace events;
That brand-new luggage that has just gone past
Ere long will all be bruised and full of dents.

Even those happy children whom I see,
Their faces at the carriage window pane,
Demoralised and sticky soon will be
From the results of dinner in the train.

Is it worth while, this exodus from town,
This yearly pleasure that so quickly ends?
It merely turns a few complexions brown
And helps to pay the railway dividends.

Alas! but as thus quietly I grieve
That things don't always happen as they ought,
Right in my ear a voice says, "By your leave!"
I turn aside, and lose my train—of thought.

"THAT'S ANOTHER STORY." Says the *Daily News* :—

"Those who have a fancy for occupying houses with a story attached to them may like to make a bid for the solid-looking mansion which the third Napoleon occupied during a portion of his residence in London, situated in King Street, St. James's."

Those who have a fancy for occupying houses with eight or ten storeys attached to them should try Queen Anne's Mansions, overlooking St. James's Park.

A GENERAL DEAL-ER.—A Timber Merchant.

A SHORT AND EASY WAY.

Mosquito, long the tropics' pest,
Who now our British coasts infest,
Fresh heinous charges, day by day,
We at your door are taught to lay.

New unsuspected banes you bring
On your proboscis as you sting;
With agues you inoculate,
And loathsome mischiefs, dire and great.

But Science brings its searching light
To bear upon your parasite,
And shows the countless ills that swarm
On you in concentrated form.

Till for life's evils now we see
At last a simple remedy,
For their complete eradication
Needs *only*—your extermination.

"DOUBLE, DOUBLE, SHAME AND TROUBLE."

(Overheard in Tooting or thereabouts.)

THIS is a very sad story. I do not wish to reveal my identity. But I may say that JULIUS CÆSAR was on visiting terms with my people when in B.C. 55, he took a trip to Britain. Then, a little later, less remote ancestors of mine gave WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR some very decent shooting when that illustrious warrior put in an appearance at Hastings. And from that time to this all my forbears have been in the movement.

Now for my grievance. I have a double. He is so absurdly and so ridiculously like me that did I not know I was myself I should imagine that I was he. When I run across him, I fancy I am walking up to a looking-glass.

He wears the same clothes, or rather facsimiles of mine. He has the same grey cutaway, the same plaid cap, the same knitted red necktie.

Then, wherever I go, I find him. If I promenade the pier of a fashionable sea-side resort, I see him promenading too. If I engage the *habitués* of the smoking-room with an account of my adventures, he engages them too. I can scarcely speak of a baron but he must talk of an earl. If I happen to mention that I trace descent from Noah, he goes one better, and drags in Adam as the founder of his race.

Then our features are the same. I am generally considered good-looking. And yet he has the same sized nose, the same shaped mouth, the same five feet four inches.

Then to hear his swagger! I can't talk of my clubs, my money, my everything, but he must do the same!

It really is unbearable. What can I do? How can I distinguish myself from his hateful personality? Everyone says we are exactly alike. Exactly. Absolutely exactly!

And the worst of it is—he isn't a gentleman!



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.—BIG GAME HUNTING. II.

BEAR SHOOTING. SOME BREEDS OF BEAR CAN CLIMB; OTHERS CANNOT. HUNTERS OF EXPERIENCE RECOMMEND THE LATTER FOR SPORT.

TO THE EDITOR.

My Editor, hark to the curses
I pour on your obstinate head,
Which estimates meanly my verses
Before (I believe) they are read.
Does it strike you as strange or unlawful
The milk of my kindness is "turned,"
When I gaze at this excellent drawerful
Of verse which the Editor spurned?
Oh, where is your boasted acumen,
That signally fails to perceive
That my lyrical waves are what few men
Could fashion or even conceive?

Why, why is whatever I write to you
Without an exception returned?
My book I'll entitle, to spite you,
"The verse which the Editor spurned."
And when it is published, I'm sure it
Will be the success of the year,
And you, you will have to endure it
Being constantly praised in your ear.
My triumph will be to have mounted
Parnassus, my spurs to have earned,
By what of small worth you accounted
—The verse which the Editor spurned.



SCENE—A Quiet Nook, five miles off anywhere. Jones has gone down to the Punt to fetch up the Luncheon-basket, and has dropped it overboard.

PUZZLE.—WHAT TO DO—OR SAY!—EXCEPT—

TO AGED JOKES.

(A Holiday Suggestion.)

THE Joke-Detective at Bourverie Street was aghast. An Aged Joke, assisted by a clever and impudent disguise, had penetrated the sanctum of Mr. Punch. What was the disguise? Well, for an Aged Joke it was an uncommonly clever one, and showed distinctly that there was "life in the old joke yet." For if he had not been gifted with some considerable acumen, how could he have contrived to introduce himself into the sanctum as a horsedealer with a pair of chestnuts for sale? However, in he walked, and, within five minutes Mr. Punch's electric alarm was thrilling the household.

"What's the meaning of this?" said Mr. Punch, sternly, to the Joke-Detective, when the latter appeared, and he pointed to a cowering form in the corner, an Aged Joke with its disguise in tatters.

"A thousand apologies," murmured the Detective, "but the hot weather must have dulled my wits."

Mr. Punch glanced at the thermometer, and his face relaxed.

"Well, don't let this occur again," he said. "In consideration of your excellent

service in the past, no further notice will be taken of the blunder."

"If you please," protested the Aged Joke, in a quivering voice, "I've led an honourable and distinguished life, Mr. Punch, and it's rather hard in my old age to have nowhere to go."

"You knew it would be no good to come here," replied the chief, "and for your deceit you deserve no consideration; yet, to show that we are humane as well as just—here's a suggestion for you. I know quite well that you've a good past record—though it was a mistake of you to degrade yourself by attending—as you have done lately—the dinner-parties of Mr. BOREHAM, M.P. Ah, yes; don't think you weren't recognised. Well, I admit you deserve a thorough holiday. But here's my advice. Don't take it as some of your fraternity do, in the company of nigger minstrels and other beach entertainers. This is enough to blast any humorous reputation. Go to a Home of Rest, where you will be well cared for. An advertisement in the paper will easily effect this. 'Mr. Chestnut being desirous of rest, would be glad to go, &c.' Oh! don't fear; there are many institutions which will be thankful to see you. Only,

mind, don't come bothering here again. We have a drastic way of dealing with troublesome old Jokes."

Mr. Punch smiled grimly across at the Joke Detective. The Aged Joke shuddered at the expression that crept into the eye of that functionary. He moved towards the door. "How long, your Majesty, do you think I ought to remain at this Home of Rest?"

"M'm," said Mr. Punch, rubbing his nose thoughtfully. "I think on the whole it might be better to take a single ticket. You see, you want a considerable holiday. And—No! I don't suggest you'll die. Vigorous old Jokes like yourself rarely die. You'll merely 'suffer a sea-change into something'—well, you know the rest. And, after all, a sea-change in July oughtn't to be so very disagreeable, eh?" Mr. Punch smiled. Then the door closed upon the Aged Joke.

"The Governor's treated you much too handsomely," growled the Joke Detective; "that's what I think."

LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

LET the puerile lips that are healthy,
The tremulous lips of the old,
The lips of the poor and the wealthy,
The lips of the timid and bold;

The lips of all classes and ages
Establish the pleasure derived
From scanning these wonderful pages
By poet and master contrived.

We revelled in daring adventures,
We vanquished our Paladin foes,
When we wot not of shares or debentures
And struggled with dog-Latin prose.

We delighted in raids on the Border,
We envied the din of the strife,
While constantly making disorder
The plague of a pedagogue's life.

And now when a market fluctuation
In bonds or in African mines
Induces a heart palpitation
We turn to Sir W.'s lines.

Your taste I am wrongly ascribing?
And fighting is only a bore?
Then dally with Oldbuck, imbibing
His archaeological lore.

Yet if, despite every diversion,
These works overrated you deem,
And find them your special aversion—
Our tastes are unlike, it would seem.

NEXT YEAR.

He. I have been trying to remember the name of the colour that was so much worn twelve months ago.

She. Mauve? Rose? White? Green?

He. No; none of those. It was a sort of a drab or maize. Something dust-coloured. Everybody was talking about it twelve months ago. I can't remember it!

She (after two minutes' consideration). I know—khaki! He. That's it. Khaki!



German Emperor (to Field-Marshal Graf von Waldersee). "YOU ARE APPOINTED TO COMMAND THE UNITED FORCES OF CIVILISATION!
YOU ARE A GERMAN! REMEMBER YOUR KAISER!! AND DO TRY TO BE THERE BEFORE IT'S ALL OVER!!!"

THE BURGLAR.

(A Tale of the Holidays.)

"WELL, I'm blest!" I was conscious of these words being uttered in a deep, gruff voice beside me, at the same time that a powerful light was flashed upon my closed eyelids.

I woke with a start, and sprang up. A hand of iron caught me by the arm. "No, you don't," said the deep, gruff voice.



Peering, blinking, blinded by the light, I sought to make out the situation. It was a bull's-eye lantern that was dazzling me, and behind it I gradually divined, rather than saw, a tall

dark shadowy form, crowned with a policeman's helmet.

"I've copped you 'fair," said the constable. "Better come, along o' me quiet—"

"What do you mean?" I cried. "Get out of bed at this time of night? I shall do nothing of the sort. What are you doing in my flat?"

"Your flat? Garn!"

"Yes, my flat, of course. Whose else should it be? Who do you suppose would be sleeping in my bed except myself?"

The policeman seemed a little taken aback. "Oh, if it's you—" he began.

"Of course, it's me; any fool could see that."

"But the caretaker told me the flat was empty; you and Mrs. 'ARRIS was gone to the seaside."

"And I suppose a gentleman can't run up for a couple of days to attend to his own business, and sleep in his own bed, without being taken for a burglar?"

The constable looked at me doubtfully.

"Of course, if you are Mr. 'ARRIS—"

"Who else should I be?"

"That's what I ain't quite sure about."

"Do you mean to say you want me to prove my own identity? Look here at the sheets: H. H.—HENRY HARRIS: pillow-cases—H. H.—"

"I know them sheets and pillow-cases belongs to Mr. 'ARRIS. The question is, does they belong to you?"

"Upon my word, you're very hard to satisfy. I suppose if I showed you one of my cards,"—said I, and jumped out of bed.

After some hunting I discovered a card-case, and handed him a card. It was duly inscribed with the name and address, Mr. Henry Harris, 98, Kensington Palace Mansions, W.

The policeman read it. At length he seemed impressed. "You'd better keep

it," said I, with a fine sarcasm, "in case you want to summons me for burgling my own premises."

The policeman—he was not too young—was cowed by my irony, and began to move towards the door. "I'm sure I'm very sorry, Sir; awkward mistake, Sir. Hope you won't report me."

"Only leave me here in peace, and I won't breathe a word."

"Thank you, Sir. Very sorry, Sir. Good-night, Sir."

I listened till the sound of his footsteps had died away down the mansion stairs, and then—I didn't go back to bed. Instead of that, I picked up a bundle of swag that I had secreted in a cupboard, and let myself noiselessly out of the flat.

A few moments later I passed my friend, the policeman, on his beat. He looked at my bundle, not without interest; but he was in no mood just then to arrest another burglar on suspicion.

KRUGER, V.C.

OUR veteran Field-Marshal

Is chivalrous indeed—

'Twixt friend and foe impartial,

Of heroes he takes heed!

For see, for valour splendid

(How pleased the Boers will be!)

He's even recommended

KRUGER* for his V.C.

A pedestal is waiting

Out in Pretoria Square;

For Empire-reinstating

Let's put his statue there!

* An Australian trooper of this name has just been awarded the Victoria Cross.

DIARY OF A SOMEBODY.

Monday.—The same dreary routine. Passed through three separate states, and had to change my uniform thrice. My dresser kept me up to time. Usual deafening salutes and indigestible banquets.

Tuesday.—More rapid changes. Appeared in Switzerland as an Admiral of the Fleet. Got into the smaller German states, and had to remember my various costumes. Fortunately, my dresser had a list.

Wednesday.—At it again. Why should I wear the uniform of a rival army? I wish there was a common form of sword. However, my dresser keeps me from straying.

Thursday.—More rapid changes. More salutes. More splitting headaches.

Friday.—Really think I shall abdicate. Five different uniforms to-day! Yes; I shall abdicate. I would, if I could only find something else.

Saturday.—Hurrah! I have found some lucrative employment. Accept an engagement as "a quick-change artiste" at a Music Hall. Easier work than travelling in state as a potentate.

THE WAY IN THE NAVY.

(A story of then and now, suggested by the Marine Manœuvres.)

The Past.

THE Admiral regarded the operations with complete satisfaction. The ships went about in magnificent fashion. Every stitch of canvas was set, and the three-deckers flew through the waves at a pace that bore down all opposition. Vessel after vessel of the enemy's had struck its colours. Nothing had been overlooked. There were powder for the guns and cold steel for the crews. The men-o'-war grappled with the foe, and boarding parties scrambled up the sides and were soon on deck.

"Rule, Britannia!" cried the Admiral.

"Rule, Britannia, it is, sir!" shouted the men.



"And, now, out with the boats to secure our prisoners."

The order was obeyed, and another glorious page was added to the history of England's successes on the sea.

So it was a century ago.

The Present.

Another story.

The Admiral regarded the operation with unmistakable agitation. The officers and crew were of first-rate quality. The guns were excellent. The ammunition was plentiful. But there was a hitch.

"Is everything in readiness?" asked the Admiral.

"Aye, aye, sir!" came from the second in command.

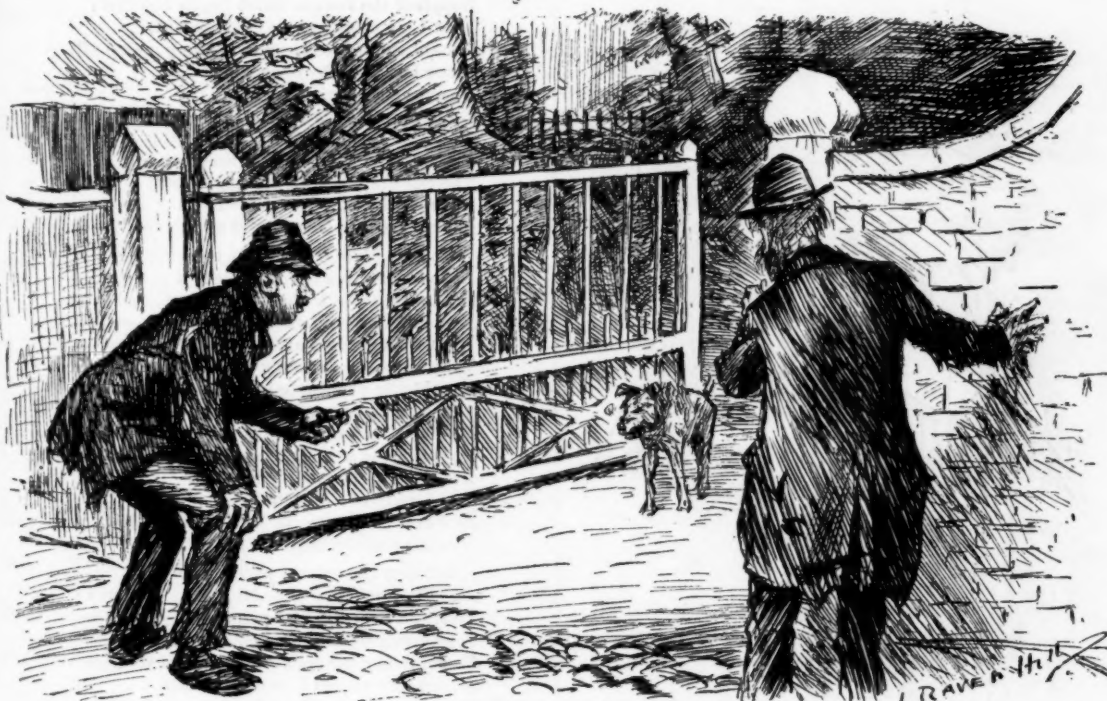
"Decks cleared for action?"

"Aye, aye, sir; and the men are as keen as may be. We shall give a good account of the foe when we get within reach."

"Then what are we stopping for?"

"Sorry, sir; but we can't get nearer. We are waiting for a scuttleful of coal!"

And thus a glorious page, was not added to the history of England's successes on the sea.



First Tramp. "WHY DON'T YOU GO IN? 'E'S ALL RIGHT. DON'T YOU SEE 'IM A-WAGGIN' HIS TAIL?"

Second Tramp. "YUS; AN' DON'T YOU SEE 'IM A-GROWLIN'? I DUNNO WHICH END TO BELIEVE!"

PLUMB-LINES.

(Dropped by a Householder.)

[A Daily Paper lately reported a strike of plumbers at Bradford.]

A plumber's gaze, envisaged emptiness;

A plumber's skill, the rule of dirty thumb;

A plumber's work, perpetuated mess;

A plumber's ignorance, too deep to plumb.

A plumber's bag, without the needed tool;

A plumber's shop, in distance half a day;

A plumber's boy, part truant and part fool;

A plumber's time, spent in the main away.

A plumber's trail, red lead and putty slime;

A plumber's legacy, another bill—

Courage, O men of Bradford! for a time
Tho' rest of these ye may be happy still.

THE END OF THE PIECE.

SCENE—The London Theatres. TIME—August.

Trogedian (impressively). Let me speak to ye in blank verse. You must know—

Comedian (interrupting). My good chap, that's quite out of date. If you must go in for the legitimate or romantic, you must trust to scenery and accessories. Much better adhere to my touch-and-go style.

Light Opera (same business). No, no! music is the rage. I will sing you a song that will get to the organs in a jiffy.

Comic Vocalist (same business). Out of date, my dear. The only popular places now-a-days are the halls.

(Spectral figure appears).

Spectral Figure. Forbear!

Chorus of Public Favourites. Who are you? (Aside). We tremble!

Spectral Figure. Who am I? You soon shall know. My duty is to arrest you. Behold (reveals himself). I am the Clerk of the Weather!

[The London Theatrical Season abruptly closes. Tableau and quick curtain.]

THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

SCENE.—A House Agent's Offices. Attendant, searching book. Client objecting to suggestion for the sixth time.

Attendant (wearily). Well, Madame, here is a mansion that will, I think, just suit you. Twelve reception rooms. Twenty-four bedrooms. Lawns. Gardens. Parks. And an electric launch on the river in front of the breakfast-room.

Client (languidly). Very nice, but I had something of the sort last year.

Attendant (after some hesitation). Well, here is something very choice. But you must decide at once, as there are half-a-dozen applicants asking for it.

Client. You may give me the particulars.

Attendant. Dining-room, drawing-room. Two good bedrooms, and for servants—

Client. Never mind about them; they can shift with anything.

Attendant. Quite so. It's not very well situated. It's at the end of a lane, and there's a farm house close to it where pigs are reared. And the rent is rather higher than others on my list. Twice as much as the last I read to you.

Client (growing interested). And the attraction? There must be an attraction.

Attendant. Well, Madame, I am scarcely at liberty to say. No doubt, you have seen that it is to be visited by Royalty.

Client (promptly). That will do. I will take it. [Does so.]

TO HER.

You, my monarchy whose will is
(Though your name I'll only say
Might be MAUD or GRACE or PHYLLIS),

Now's the time to come and play,
While the wind that froze us still is,
And the bloom is on the May.

Spring is with us—'twould be treason

If we were not all to do

What's expected at the season

And is apt the whole year through.

Dear, we've done with cold and reason,
And my fancy turns to you!



Angler (after landing his tenth—reading notice). "THE MAN WHO WROTE THAT SIGN COULDN'T HAVE BEEN USING THE RIGHT BAIT!"

PARTANT POUR LA CHINE.

(Second version. See "Punch," Dec. 25, 1897.)

YOUR hand, Field-Marshal! Take My final grip
Before you start on this momentous trip.
Bethink you, ere you board the restive train,
It is a chance may not occur again;
Bethink you what a time you have in store—
No prisoners! no quarter! simply gore!
I never, not in dreams, had nursed the hope
To give My mailed fist so fine a scope.
My gallant troops through thirty years' increase
Have worn the honours incident to peace;
One test remained to prove their peerless might—
That they should actually go and fight!
And if My fleet (which I herewith empower
To do an average ten knots an hour)—
If it can emulate that noble bark
On which My Royal Brother made his mark—
They should arrive in time to join the fray
Not later, let Me hope, than Christmas Day.

Herr Graf! I see in you the nations' choice,
Elected by a kind of cosmic voice;
An act of homage rendered to your Head
Both natural and unsolicited;
Indeed, in this arrangement I have traced
A striking proof of Europe's cultured taste.
Do not believe those foreign prints that say
That We are chosen *pis aller*;
Nor those that charge to Teuton missionaries
The present most regrettable vagaries,

And hold that My revenge at Kiao-chow
Supplied the reason which began the row;
That I, as primal cause of all the ill,
Should, so to speak, conduct the purging pill,
Since homœopathy demands of Us
To cure *similia similibus*.
Blind envy! 'Tis a vice, I dare to say,
To which I never yet have given way.
Enough that rightly, as it seems to Me,
The Powers insist on My hegemony;
Nor need I stoop to argue why they count
My claims (and Germany's) as paramount.

You go, Mein Graf, if not to guide the van,
At least to catch the hindmost, if you can.
And, even though unhappily you missed 'em,
I would not have you blame Our hallowed system.
We are a fighting nation, you must know,
That waits the KAISER'S "Are you ready? Go!"
Should war eventuate in foreign parts,
I press a button and the Army starts!
We boast, however distant be the sphere,
To reach the neighbourhood within the year!
In this superb mobility is seen
The beauty of a system-by-machine;
And here We leave, to My Imperial mind,
The amateurs of England far behind.

But now the solemn packing-hour has come,
And My emotions leave Me strangely dumb!
Farewell! farewell! I print upon your face
A probably penultimate embrace.
To-night My Hohenzollern's band shall tune
A serenade to you beneath the moon.
To-morrow you will trickle toward the sea,
Taking my compliments to Italy.
I recommend Verona's balmy air:
It might be nice to break the journey there;
The time would serve for getting into form
Against the Chi-li climate, which is warm.
Play bowls and croquet with your men; in short,
Foster a British love of martial sport.
Refreshed and rested, you will boldly creep
Across the dangers strewn about the deep;
And oh, I trust you may not run aground,
Or meet the other armies homeward-bound! O. S.

EPISCOPAL REFLECTIONS.

[*"The Bishop of STAFFORD is the busiest man in London; he writes his sermons in trains and 'buses."*—*The Globe*.]

BELOVED brethren of my diocese,
Hath not old custom made this car more sweet
Than Bishops' Palaces? Is not this third
More free from interruption than the court,
Where high and low, with wrathful wrangling, flock
To plague us with their pitiful disputes?
Here feel we but the penalty of Cockneys,
The overcrowding; as, the pungent plug
And heavy hob-nail of the working-man,
Which, when it stamps and grinds upon my toe,
Even till I shriek with pain, I smile and say—
No troubling brawlers these, no applicants
Who mar my peace that I may make their own,
But honest toilers on whose humble lot
A Bishop may perpend a homily.
Sweet are the uses of the Underground,
Which, like Avernus, black and sulphurous,
Hides yet the happy Islands of the Blest;
And this my life, passed amid public haunts,
Finds tracts in trams, texts in the running 'bus,
Sermons in trains, and work in anything.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

IV.—THE PERIWINKLE.

How callous are the "common herd"!
 Their shell-fish ends to win,
 The winkle oft is disinterred
 With devastating pin.

I mean, uprooted from its shell
 To crown a cruel feast;
 But whether that be ill or well
 They care not in the least.

And yet, perhaps, the winkle may
 Possess a tiny soul,
 And love to dream its life away
 Where placid waters roll.

Perhaps a spark of poet fire
 Imbues its tiny breast,
 And can our brother man desire
 To slay the sacred guest?

Nay, rather let us all combine
 To cherish, love, and train
 This humble Offspring of the Brine,
 This Tenant of the Main.

Then, it may answer to our care
 And come when we shall call,
 Its glad emotions we may share,
 Its agonies and all.

Oh periwinkle, winkle on!
 Our hearts with thine are one,
 Thy fairy form we gaze upon
 While *cruelty* we shun. F. E.

A JUSTIFIABLE CRIME.

SUFFOCATED by the extreme heat in London, my friend BLEEBY and I determined upon having a quiet day by the sea—where should it be spent? Margate was voted vulgar, Brighton too crowded, the Isle of Wight too far. Eastbourne? Excellent idea: handy, good train service, not too crowded, and most "genteel": whatever that mystic word may signify. To Eastbourne, accordingly, we hied.

On arriving, we naturally made the best of our way to the sea front, took chairs, and began to discourse upon the beauties of the place. Parenthetically, I may observe that there were a great number of these, walking up and down the parade.

Bent on improving the shining hour, I called BLEEBY's attention to the bold promontory of Beachy Head, the blue, gently rippling water at our feet, and also to an extremely nice-looking girl in white, carrying a red parasol coquettishly over her shoulder. The beauty of the scene had caught my wayward fancy, and I fell into a restful, half-dreamy rhapsody, as I tilted my chair back, pulled my straw hat over my nose, and gazed straight out at the limpid depths before me.

"At a time like this," I began, "when fresh from the busy haunts of men, one contemplates— No, thank you, I don't want any carnations or roses to-day"—this to an itinerant vendor of the female persuasion. "At a time like this, when



Sister-in-law. "HOW LIKE HIS FATHER THE BABY IS!"
 Mother. "HE'S CERTAINLY LIKE HIM IN SOME WAY. HE GENERALLY KEEPS ME UP HALF THE NIGHT!"

fresh from the busy haunts of men, one— What do you say? Will I and 'the gent' be photographed in a group? No, thank you, not to-day. As I was saying, at a time like this, when— No; no bananas," to a beery-looking, coster. "At a time like this, as I was saying— Programme of the band? Yes, thank you— Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes, I remember; I was just going to say that at a time like— No, go away!—do we look like people who wanted brandy balls, and pink sugarsticks? You really ought to have more discrimination, and confine your attentions to the cheap trippers. At a time— Will I what? Patronize the Beach Concert Party? No; emphatically no! What with these singers, and two barrel-organs clashing with the Band, the restfulness of 'the front' is materially disturbed. Go away! I do not approve of Beach Concerts." A pause, and then I resumed "Well, as I was just going to say, BLEEBY, at a time—" "Paiper! Paiper! 'Spess, Dily Grapheek, Standid paiper, or Dily Mile!" "No, I

do not want the last 'dition." I heaved a heavy sigh, but once more commenced resolutely. "At a time when—" but here I again paused, and as a second photographer, and a portly female selling flowers, approached me with a business-like air, a steely glitter came into my eye. The emissary of a German band smilingly advanced, cap in hand, and then, then the forbearance which had hitherto marked my conduct, suddenly gave way, and with a wild war-whoop, I turned upon the destroyers of my peace. I killed five newspaper boys, the two organ-grinders, half-a-dozen flower girls (girls of fifty) and the banana man.

Later on, I was given to understand that the sugarstickist and the photographer, together with the collector for the "Beach Concert Party," had also fallen victims to my unerring stroke and virtuous indignation. I may be a hunted criminal for the remainder of my life: but at least I shall enjoy the consolation of having acted as a public benefactor, and broken up the Democratic tyranny of Eastbourne "front" for ever.



A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

Visitor. "GOOD MORNING: TIDE'S VERY HIGH THIS MORNING, EH?"
 Ancient Mariner. "AE, IF THE SEA WAS ALL *BEER*, THERE WOULDN' BE NO BLOOMIN' 'IGH TIDES!"

THE WEDDING GUEST.

(Fragment from an every-day West End Romance.)

THE conservatory was all but deserted. The solitary occupant clad in the regulation costume of a wedding guest—patent leather boots, button-hole, and light gloves, all complete—sat in an easy chair glancing now and again at the magnificent gifts piled up on tables in the adjacent apartment. He sighed as he heard the sweet sounds of a distant Hungarian band, and wiped away a stealthy tear as the

pops of champagne corks told him of good cheer within a reasonable distance.

"We meet again," murmured the Lady BLANCHE, placing her fair hand on the guest's shoulder. "We meet again."

"Yes, my Lady. The last time I met you was at the Bishop's Garden Party."

"And the time before at the Earl's silver wedding."

"Ah, madam, that was a busy day. I wanted a friend's aid sorely."

"A friend's aid! Why did you not appeal to me?"

"Well, ma'am," returned the guest,

showing some slight confusion. "You see, you are not accustomed to it; and it is a little ticklish to accuse anyone of stealing the spoons."

"Stealing the spoons!" murmured the Lady BLANCHE. "What does he mean? Has the intense heat turned his poor aching brain?"

"No, madam, I am sane enough. If you've doubts upon the subject, ask in the Yard."

Lady BLANCHE appeared distressed.

"I am sure you are not well. Come with me, and I will conduct you to our Doctor. He is yonder, playing lawn tennis with my maiden aunt."

"I dare not leave the place, fair lady. It is my duty to remain here."

"Remain here!" echoed Lady BLANCHE with haughty scorn. "And why should you remain here when I ask—nay, beg—nay, command you—to come with me?"

"Because, Madam, it is my duty. Tempt me no further."

"At least, mysterious being, tell me who you are."

"With pleasure, Madam"—and then the secret was revealed. "I am, Madam, the police officer supplied by the Messrs. BLACKLEY, to keep an eye upon the wedding gifts!"

THE HERITAGE OF ENGLAND.

[A French newspaper says that England—meaning the British Empire—"sits in a cockleshell." So be it.]

THE Sea belongs to England

And England to the Sea,
 Not girdled by the Channel band,
 But o'er the Wide World free!

Sometime our Mother England
 Is lulled by Eastern spray,

Sometime she nestles hand to hand
 With the wild Atlantic sway,

And then again in lands afar

The Sea is making waves

For the English of the Southern Star,

The sons of free-born slaves,

Slaves to the Land that made them,

To the Earth-Home of the Sea,

The mother who has bade them

Know she bred them to be free!

Their heritage the Glory

And the everlasting story

Of the land that God created

To be Ruler of the Sea.

For DICK and TOM and HARRY,

And a smile for you and me.

ON THE MOORS.

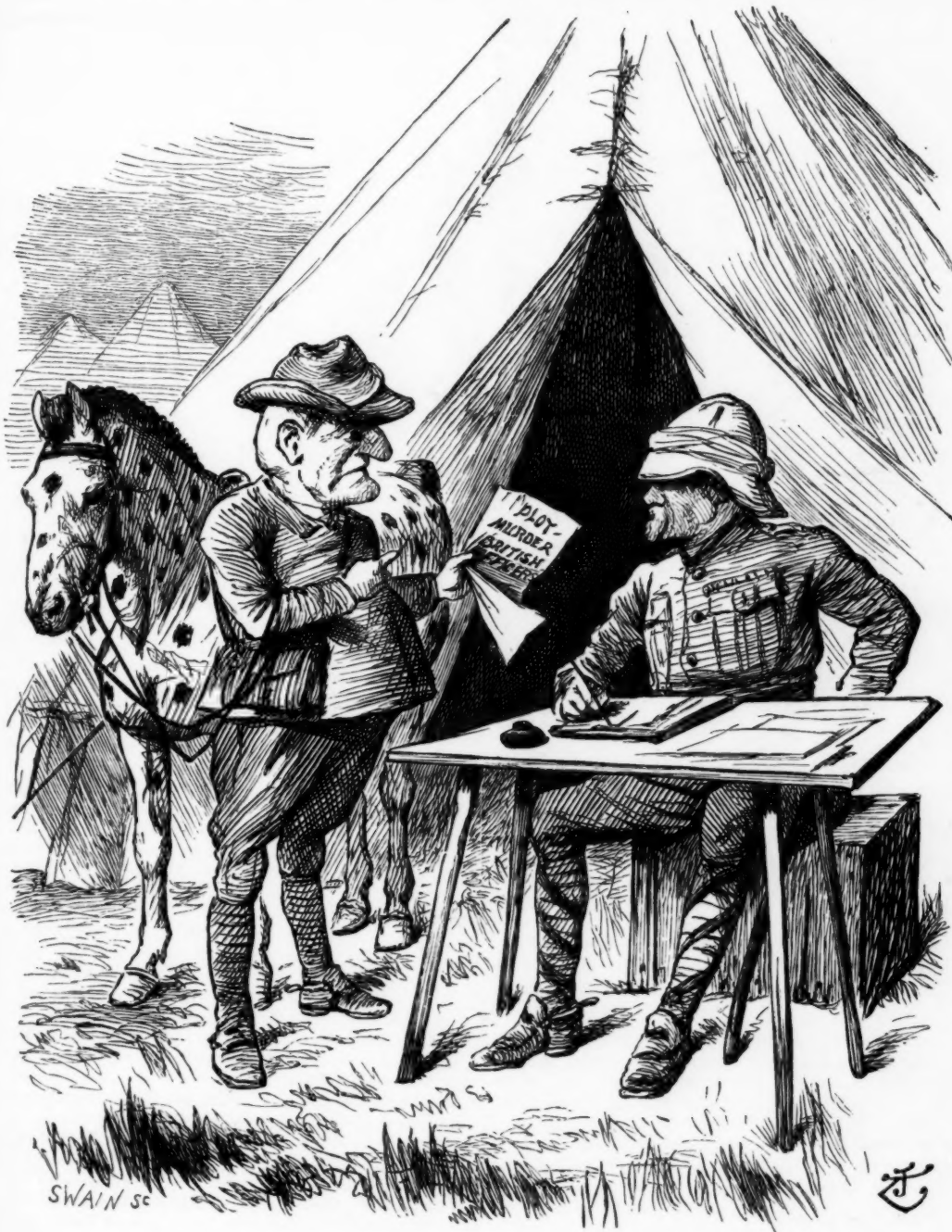
(August 20, 1900.)

Miss Turtle (of Minnesota—during the luncheon hour, to Lord Ditchwater). Do you know what Greek hero rhymes with grouse?

Lord Ditchwater (after venturing "mouse," "house," etc.). I give it up.

Miss Turtle. Nous.

[Lord D. tumbled to the hero.]



THE ONLY WAY.

MR. PUNCH. "YOUR GENEROSITY HAS BEEN MISTAKEN FOR WEAKNESS—ISN'T IT TIME, SIR, TO TRY SOMETHING THEY CAN UNDERSTAND?"

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THE CUSTOMS CONGRESS.

AN International Congress, to consider the best methods of simplifying all Customs' formalities and regulations, met in Paris last month, beginning its sittings on July 30. One strictly private meeting, held at the end of the Congress, has not yet been reported.

A Swiss delegate said that the only industry of his country was the tourist. His countrymen lived upon tourists. Therefore everything was done to encourage tourists. He advocated the easiest regulations, if any were necessary.

A German said he approved of all regulations, instructions, official notices, police orders, and so further. They were indispensable, and were found in every well-governed country. The better the government, the more the regulations.

The Spanish delegate said they might be useful if they did not interfere with the comfort of the officials, and if they encouraged travellers to pay a few *pesetas*. A Turkish gentleman here murmured "Bakshish," and fell asleep again.

An English custom-house officer said the remark was incomprehensible to him, as no Custom-house officers understood foreign languages. He did not know why the previous speaker, whose remarks had been translated to him, had advocated the payment of peas-eaters, by which he supposed vegetarian officials were meant. For himself, he preferred honest beef and mutton.

A French delegate said their dear colleague and very honoured fellow-member had spoken absolutely from the point of view of the English. Beef and mutton were good things, but the glory of one's country—*voilà* the true ideal! And without the Custom-house no country could be rich, no country could be glorious. In fine, he ventured to say "Vive la Douane!"

The Englishman remarked, with some warmth, that he had caught the last two words of the previous speaker, and that "Do one" might be thought funny by some frivolous persons, but was not a proper name to apply to the English Custom house.

The Frenchman, after hearing the translation of the last speaker's words, stated that he had not said "Dou-unn" short, but "Dou-ane" long, and that no one but an insular, stuffed with beef and beer, would have failed to understand.

The Swiss delegate said this seemed to be German and French mixed, as in his country—where both languages are spoken equally well—*Du âne*, meaning "you donkey."

The Englishman said he was not going to stand abuse from a frog-eating Frenchman.

The Frenchman said he had also exercised himself to make *la boxe*, and enquired if the Englishman thought himself in South Africa.



TOM BROWNE

Miss Hobbs (who dislikes tobacco). "I SEE YOU ARE AT YOUR IDOL AGAIN!"
Smoker. "YES; I'M BURNING IT!"

The German delegate, entering at this moment, explained that he had been absent for a few moments to obtain some ham sandwiches and a few bottles of beer. Speaking French and English fluently, he was able to explain the whole misunderstanding.

The representative of Holland then emerged from beneath the table, where he had sought safety during the dispute.

An American delegate said he guessed formalities and regulations might suit the effete monarchies of Yewrope, but give him dollars.

At this moment a gentleman rose and said that the true method of simplifying formalities was to teach usually truthful people that lying is no better in the Custom-house than elsewhere, and that cheating one's own government, or any

other, is not more honest than picking pockets. (Loud cheers.) For himself, however, in the interests of civilization and progress, he advocated the abolition of all Customs, mere relics of barbarous ages. (Immense uproar, during which the speaker, discovered to be an intruder, was ignominiously expelled, and the meeting broke up in disorder.)

H. D. B.

MAKING CONVERSATION.

He. I suppose you have been everywhere during the season?

She. No season. Nothing to read. Nothing to see.

He. Then there is nothing to talk about?

She. No, nothing. Can't you suggest a novelty?

He (brightening up). Yes—the weather.
(Left talking.)

"WHERE TO GO."

No. VI.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—On my return from the South Coast, my wife and myself carefully studied the map in search of a bracing place on the sea, and at last alighted on a point that she felt positive would suit our requirements; to quote her own words she said, "I want rocks and deep sea, and this place on the map marked Gibraltar, in Lincolnshire, I am sure will suit us." I reminded her of the fact that it was very difficult to form any correct idea of scenery or undulation of the ground by a map; but her answer was that "the little dots at the end of the point meant rocks," and it wouldn't be called Gibraltar unless it was some rugged promontory. She suggested getting farm-house accommodation, so I purchased several penny guide-books advertising farms to let, and apartments, published by the different railway companies.

We studied them carefully, and some of the places to let sounded very attractive to read, but in most cases confusing, for instance one farm advertised "share of trap." Now, how can you share a trap? You can't cut in half? and if it means that we have the privilege of sharing it with other lodgers, then I can foresee all manner of inconveniences. We might possibly want to go one road, and the other lodgers another road. Or we might differ about the speed or the time of starting. We might want to go after breakfast, and they before. Again, it doesn't say how big the trap is, for with myself and wife and the two children and the dogs, there might not be room for anyone else, anyway I feel sure the other tenant would think we were monopolising the bigger half, and perhaps unpleasantness would arise. I wish they would be more explicit.

However, the "farm-house accommodation" was novel to us, the children would like it, and the chickens and ducks would amuse the dogs. So off I started with my bike, full of hope, for Gibraltar Point, and took a third single for Seagnass, and got into a carriage the only occupants of which were a nice-looking lady and a gentleman, who were sitting opposite to each other in the corner seats. I was about to retreat, seeing that the other corners were occupied by luggage. But the gentleman assured me that "it was all right, no one was coming; it was only a make-believe." But remembering the old saying that two's company and three's none, I told them that another carriage would suit me equally well, and was again making for the door when the gentleman said, "There's no occasion to go, Sir; you won't be in the way. This lady is my wife."

Presently the guard came to the window,

and beckoned me out. I thanked him, but told him I never took anything before twelve. He explained that he could find me another carriage. But the gentleman in the corner very kindly said he had no objection to me, and told the guard he had done his duty, and the tip would be all the same.

The lady said it was always a good thing to give the guard a shilling or two, to keep out the roughs. She further informed me that they always rode first-class, but the weather being so hot they thought the third-class carriages, having no cushions, would be cooler. They looked at me suspiciously when I said that I always



AWFUL RESULT OF TRAVELLING TOO MUCH ON THE "TWO PENNY TUBE."

took a first-class ticket, but generally rode third as the people were more agreeable.

On nearing my destination, I noticed how wonderfully flat the country was, so flat that it made me seriously reflect as to whether the world was really round.

On arriving at Seagnass, I rode for Gibraltar. Oh! what a journey—across terrible sand-hills, broken bottles, and now and then a rabbit which had been dead for months! There was no road, and I had positively to carry the bicycle in the blazing sun for over a quarter of a mile, and being struck in the head by a golf-ball didn't improve the occasion or my temper. At last I arrived at "Gibraltar," and never shall I forget it. It was the flattest ground I had ever seen. There were no rocks, and the sea wasn't

observable with the naked eye. I might have seen it with the coast-guard's telescope, but he had gone out for the day and taken it with him. The only suggestion of sea was a little narrow creek or channel of black, oily water, oozing between two thick layers of loamy mud.

I carried the bicycle four miles back to Seagnass, and arrived at the station just in time to miss the last train back to London. Yours, &c.,

"STILL ON THE LOOK-OUT."

THE HARDY ANNUAL.

As over Magdalen Bridge at eve I strolled,
Fresh from the schools, not knowing yet
my fate,
Nor greatly caring, on the parapet
Leaning an arm that trembled, as I
thought,
Beneath the weight of sorrow that it bore,
An ancient man I marked that watched
the flood
Of Cherwell gurgling 'twixt his willows,
gold
With sunset glory. And he heaved a sigh
Of such an anguish that I, pitying, paused
Close at his elbow, and "O man," said I,
"O ancient man," I said in softest tones,
"Whence come you?" and he turned and
answered me.

I come from wife and children dear
I leave the gloomy attics
Where I am reading, year by year,
Greek, Latin and Mathematics.

I taste of Plato, and I sip
The lore of Aristotle,
And now and then I take a nip
Of brandy from the bottle.

I slink from home, I hurry down
Unnoticed to the station,
And take the train to Oxford town
For my examination.

For my degree I try in vain,
But till I can ensure it
I fear that I shall still remain,
As now, a cureless curate.

A prey to tradesmen, Jew and dun,
And always in low water,
With here and there a hungry son,
And here and there a daughter.

So in I wander to the schools,
White-tied, in coat of sable,
And watch the crowd of grave young
fools
Each busy at his table.

I sit, I sigh, I gloom, I glance,
Despairing, at the questions,
And timorously I advance
Some tentative suggestions.

But out again I come and know
That vain is my endeavour,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go in for ever.



THE RIVAL FORCES.

SCENE—Lonely Yorkshire Moor. Miles from anywhere.

Passing Horse-dealer (who has been asked for a tow by owners of broken-down Motor-car). "IS IT EASY TO PULL?"
Motorist. "OH, YES. VERY LIGHT INDEED!" Horse-dealer. "THEN SUPPOSIN' YOU PULL IT YOURSELVES!" [Drives off.]

LABUNTUR ANNI.

POSTHUMUS, come and let us dine together
Here where of yore we met for dinner daily,
Braving life's storms and pretty dirty weather
Youthfully, gaily.

Here at this chop-house, nothing much to look at,
Where wealth of wit made up for purses scanty;
Ah, my old friend, how well they used to cook at
This little shanty!

We were a crew of happy, careless fellows,
Did ourselves well on naught wherewith to do it:
This present, when our leaf grows sere and yellows,
Is nothing to it!

Changed are the times, and we, perhaps, have altered,
JONES, the Q.C., is dining with the Benchers,
BROWN (married money) some excuse has faltered—
So to our trenchers.

Posthumus, we will make a resurrection
Of the old days—though long we may not tarry
I from my suburb (Mayfair's your direction)—
Why did we marry?

Appointments under Consideration.

LORD R-B-RTS to be Commander-in-Chief.
Lord K-TCH-N-R, Chief of the Intelligence Department.
Lieut.-Gen. B-D-N-P-W-LL to be Inspector General of Contracts.
And F.-M. P-NCH, to be the Supreme Head of Everybody
and Everything.

LOVE!

LOVE, love, beautiful love,
Bread of the lyricist, jam of the crowd,
Rhyming to nothing but dove, above, shove,
Beautiful, constant and sugary love,
Hear while I whisper or shout it out loud,
I'm sick of the verses of which you're so proud
Love, lyrical love.

Had I the faith that can mountains remove
(This is another way one is allowed
To rhyme to the verse-maker's stumbling block, love,
—Another's to rhyme it to words such as rove)
I too would believe, and with head that was bowed
I'd pray at your altar, I'd live in a cloud
Of sentimentality, married and cowed,
Love, rhyming to glove.

"ASK ME NO MORE!"

Query (to be taken at a breath). If your as-yet-unmarried brother, staying at a prominent headland in Berwickshire, is so engrossed with the attractions of the scenery (and congenial society) as to be oblivious of your fraternal claims on his correspondence, how, in the name of KIPLING, would you most appropriately denounce him?

Reply. As an Abb's-Head-Minded Beggar, of course!
[Abb's Head omen!
(Colonial and Continental Rights Reserved).]



DECIDED to ask Mr. and Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN and their niece, Miss BARBARA LAMB—bet-

ter known to the profane vulgar as "BAA LAMB"

—for a week on the yacht. Also old Admiral ROUSTABOUT. Terrible person; but felt bound to ask him, as matter of duty. To all these I sent invitations, devoutly hoping they wouldn't be accepted. With my usual luck, they all were. Must ask little BUSKIN, the actor, to amuse them, and keep us all lively. Did so and wrote, telling them all to assemble at Town Quay, Southampton, on Saturday afternoon. Then wired to my Skipper at Dover, instructing him to bring yacht round to Southampton Water.

Skipper wires me, "Impossible to get to Southampton in time unless wind changes." Very annoying. My yacht, *Isolde*, now lying in Dover. Hate Dover, so will not join there. Wired Skipper to get to Southampton as soon as possible; and also sent wires to the GOBBLEDOWNS, old ROUSTABOUT, and BUSKIN, putting them off from Saturday to the following Monday.

GOBBLEDOWN a great amateur yachtsman. As good as any paid hand. He says so himself, and he ought to know. This is the first time I have ever asked him on the *Isolde*, though he has hinted pretty strongly for an invitation since I first fitted out. Rather loud and strident-voiced man. Mrs. G. severe-looking person of eminently correct deportment. "BAA LAMB" quite a nonentity. Admiral a good-hearted man enough, but aggressive. BUSKIN—well, an amusing little beggar. Oh, I daresay we shall all get on admirably together. Still—Well, never meet troubles half way. I put aside any misgivings I may secretly entertain, and start for Southampton.

Skipper and two of the "hands" meet me at Southampton-West Station, and then the Admiral turns up.

"Aha!" he jerks out gruffly. "So you have arrived, eh? Thought perhaps you wouldn't, after putting me off before. Deuced inconvenient for me that postponement was, I can tell you, my boy. However, I forgive you."

I thanked him humbly for this concession, and asked if my men should look after his luggage and get it aboard.

"Get it aboard—get it aboard!" he snapped. "Why, certainly. What the devil else do you think I brought it for?"

Felt still more humble after this, and was just turning to tell the mate about calling a cab when a terrific smack on the back—(wish this custom would die out)—made me jump yards. It emanated from GOBBLEDOWN, already attired in blue serge and yachting cap. He stood a pace or two in front of his wife and niece; they had all come down in my train from Waterloo, but merciful—mysteriously, I mean—missed me at the London terminus.

"Hulloa, my dear fellow! delighted to see you. My wife and niece so glad you have included them in your invitation. Only wish we were off for a year's cruise instead of a month!"

Very hearty of him; but my letter distinctly specified a week, not a month. Determined to try, later on, to drop hint to this effect.

Then GOBBLEDOWN poked me playfully in the ribs, and said:

"I say, old fellow, your men might as well take *our* baggage now they're about it, eh? Rather a good idea for saving trouble?"

I thought it was—i.e. for saving the GOBBLEDOWN family trouble. Visions of my gig sinking under the load flitted across my anxious mind, and I sighed, in gentle resignation, as I told the mate to order two cabs. Then the Admiral, in a perfectly audible aside whisper, asked:

"Who the devil is this feller, eh?" And for reply, I introduced them, "Mr. GOBBLEDOWN—Admiral ROUSTABOUT."

With a somewhat dreary attempt at pleasantry, I gave a little, frozen smile, and added: "As you are to be shipmates, you may as well——"

"Yow, yow, yow, yow!" howled a terrier, whose tail had just been trodden on by a fifteen-stone porter.

"Oh, my poor *Agrippa*!" moaned Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN, as she picked him up in her arms, and glared viciously at porter, who went on, imperturbably, with his usual occupation of smashing the passengers' luggage as though nothing had happened.

So *Agrippa* was evidently Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN's dog, and she had brought him here to share my hospitality and enliven the proceedings on board my yacht. So kind of her—always so kind of people when they bring their pretty pets with them. Of course, I could have done without *Agrippa*, but— Well, there he was.

Two cabs, loaded with mountainous piles of baggage, were soon groaning along towards the Town Quay.

GOBBLEDOWN was all hilarity. Even Mrs. G. looked less severe as she evidently reflected upon the fact that I should have to pay all the transport expenses, whilst the BAA LAMB prattled gently, with an air of chastened merriment, about nothing in particular.

The Admiral alone was gloomy. He had taken a dislike to GOBBLEDOWN; and this, at the beginning of our short cruise, boded ill.

Arrived at the Town Quay, the luggage heaps were quickly attacked by the gig's crew, whilst I looked, in vain, for BUSKIN. No sign of "this versatile actor," as the newspapers generally dubbed him. BUSKIN must have missed his train.

The mate, who had followed down with the two hands in the second cab, came up to me in profuse state of perspiration. "Can't possibly get no more of these bales"—he meant luggage—"into the gig, Sir, without sinkin' her. Must make another journey for 'em, I suppose." I felt apologetic, but kept firm voice, as I answered airily:

"Yes, that will be best. You can take us aboard, and then come back for the luggage."

"Wha-a-a-t!" yelled the Admiral, "leave my bag and portmanteau on the quay here, to be stolen, whilst we go aboard? Not if I know it! Whathedevilnext?"

Embarrassing situation. I suggested that one of the hands should remain to watch.

"Can't do that, Sir," breaks in Skipper; "wouldn't be enough to row ye out, then."

Dear me, very trying. Well, suppose GOBBLEDOWN were to stop behind to look after the——

"No, no, old chap!" from GOBBLEDOWN, moving towards the gig. "I'll go aboard your old bark—I'm so jolly thirsty, I want my tea"—(N.B.—that GOBBLEDOWN always takes his "tea" out of a tall tumbler)—"so you stop and mind the stuff. I'll steer;" and without waiting for any further discussion on the subject he floundered hastily into the stern-sheets, nearly capsizing the gig as he soused himself into the best seat and seized the yoke-lines. I sighed resignedly, and turning to the Admiral invited him to enter the boat.

"What, with that feller steering? You must take me for a fool!" he roared.

Matter at last compromised by GOBBLEDOWN, Mrs. G., and the

BAA LAMB—together with some of the portmanteaux and bags—being stowed uncomfortably into gig. They started off for the yacht, and upon arriving alongside—(as my skipper ruefully informed me, afterwards)—GOBBLEDOWN pulled the wrong yoke-line and ran the boat's stem hard into *Isolde's* side. The shock threw the bowman on his back, and knocked a hat-box overboard. Beyond this, and the damage to the yacht's paint, I am thankful to say that there was no harm done. Left alone on the quay with the Admiral, we took seats upon our portmanteaux and waited, rather sadly, for the gig's return. Admiral ROUSTABOUT, with many grunts, ignited an evil-smelling pipe and said:

"Can't understand your friend GOBBLEDOWN knowing anything about yachting. When I commanded the old *Ariadne*, I remember—— Hullo, why— Whathedevilthis?" he broke off hastily, adjusting his *pince-nez*, and glaring at a somewhat unconventionally-dressed figure which had approached us unobserved. I looked up, and beheld what he had tersely described as "this." The figure was attired in white duck trousers, blue serge reefer jacket, with large brass anchor buttons and a broad white linen collar turned down over the neck. The whole was surmounted by a black glazed straw hat, with a band on it, lettered in gold "*H.M.S. Terrible*," after the style of children in charge of their nurserymaids.

Then the figure—which seemed a strangely familiar one to me—stood right over us; its hands were laid to the slack of its ducks fore and aft, and, with a truly T. P. COOKE kind of hitch, a voice carolled forth:

"What ho! rouse up, my merry, merry men! The anchor's weighed! and so was I, just now. Eleven stone four, by the automatic penny-in-the-slot machine! Tip us your flipper, my hearty. I like the cut of your jib!"

It was BUSKIN. I must admit that as, in shamefaced, shambling manner, I introduced him to the Admiral—(oh, that band round the hat!)—I felt hot all over.

"Whathedevilisit?" said the gallant tar, still staring hard through his *pince-nez*.

"This—er—this is Mr. ROSCIUS BUSKIN," I stammered uneasily. My eyes, by a sort of unholy fascination, were glued, as it were, to the "*H.M.S. Terrible*" (too terrible!) hatband.

The Admiral merely emitted a deep grunt as he jerked his head forward with what was intended to be a bow. Then a horrible silence ensued. I ventured to break it at last, by saying:

"Where is your luggage? The gig has gone off——"

"Don't speak of it as if it were fireworks, dear boy!" chirped BUSKIN, at once recovering his usual *aplomb*.

The Admiral, who dislikes a spirit of levity when applied to anything nautical, scowled at BUSKIN. I foresaw that the latter's facetiousness was likely to make trouble for us, later on. It did.

BUSKIN at last condescended to inform me that he had been so late for his train that all his luggage had been left behind at Waterloo, whilst he himself had got out at the wrong Southampton station and driven thence in a cab.

"But it will be all right, dear boy; it will be all right at night," as we say on the histrionic boards. I'll borrow a suit

of pyja—oh-no-we-never-mention-'ems from you, and then I shall do all right, 'till daylight doth appear!'"

"Here's the gig," I cried with a feeling of relief, as my boat brought up at the foot of the steps.

The Admiral, clutching at his huge umbrella and hauling a kit-bag, descended and took his seat in the stern-sheets; BUSKIN, with an affected nautical roll which nearly produced a catastrophe to the white ducks (so tight that BUSKIN must have been put into them with a shoehorn), followed him: the rest of the *impedimenta* was got in, and then, at last, we started for the yacht.

Nobody spoke much on the short pull out. The Admiral was grumpy, and BUSKIN temporarily subdued, whilst my own agony of mind, whenever I reflected upon the fact that the crew must be silently giggling at that fearsome hatband, may be better imagined than described. Cold print is wholly inadequate to convey what I thought of BUSKIN's outrageous "get-up."

As we got alongside the yacht, the Skipper came to the gangway; but on catching the first glimpse of the *Terrible* legend incontinently retired, and walked forrard with unbecoming haste, stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth to prevent an explosion of laughter. Then GOBBLEDOWN, after one look over the side, disappeared suddenly from the deck. The BAA LAMB gazed, mystified for a moment, at the apparition, and then exclaimed "Oh, Auntie!" in loud tones. Altogether, an unpleasant situation for me. BUSKIN himself seemed blandly unconscious that attire was anything but strictly correct—absolutely orthodox, in fact. He skipped lightly up the side, and striking a theatrical attitude on the deck, exclaimed, "Once aboard the lugger—" and then paused.

"Well," grunted the Admiral, waiting, open-mouthed, to hear the end of the sentence, "how 's it go on, hey?"

"Oh, it doesn't go on: there is no more—at least, I never heard any more," replied BUSKIN cheerily.

The Admiral went off, scowling, to his berth. I introduced BUSKIN to the ladies, and afterwards handed him over to the Steward to be conducted to his cabin. Then I went below, and found GOBBLEDOWN in *mine*.

This was most upsetting. To be turned out of one's own cabin by one's own guest was—was—Confound the Steward! what on earth was he thinking about to allow this?

"Steward!" I called, and when he came to me in the saloon I gave him a piece of my mind on the subject.

"Not my fault, Sir, I assure you," he began. "Mr. GOBBLEDOWN told me, directly he come aboard, that you said he was to 'ave the best cabin in the ship, Sir, so I naturally showed him into the owner's cabin, Sir. Thought they was your orders, Sir."

This was too much! Although a mild-mannered man, I felt that the time had come for me to assert myself, so rapped sharply at GOBBLEDOWN's door—or, rather, at my door—and said:

"You've made a mistake, my dear fellow; the next one is your cabin."

"Never mind, old man; anything will do for me," came a muffled voice from within.

"Yes, but you really must come out," I replied with a firmness which surprised myself. "The Steward shall shift your

things," and after another determined effort on the part of GOBBLEDOWN to adhere to my cabin he was obliged to give way—with a very bad grace—and go into the next.

Thought I would speak to Skipper about getting under weigh next morning, so ran up companion, sprawling over *Agrippa*, who had gone to sleep on top stair, and measuring my full length on the deck. D—ear *Agrippa*!

Agrippa yelled, and Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN rushed out of ladies' cabin, all hair curlers and dressing-gown. She snatched her pet up in her arms, and turning, with polite resentfulness, to me, exclaimed, "Oh, don't hurt my little dog! *Agrippa* has always been kindly treated!"—plainly implying that I had ill-treated him. Again I say d—elighted *Agrippa*!

Admiral joined me, and after calling attention to the incontrovertible fact that BUSKIN had been walking the deck with nails in his boots, proceeded to give invaluable expert opinion upon shrouds, halliards, sheets, and top-sails, winding up a twenty-minutes' dissertation by informing me that my Skipper must be a fool. So nice of him. Tried, at first, to keep in touch with his nautical talk, but gave it up as he rattled out something that, to my disordered imagination, sounded like, "And if you must have these new-fangled fal-de-rals, why don't you keel-haul the topmast lifts, cut away the forefoot, brace back the stanchions of the main-halliards, run up your gaff until it's well past the cross-trees of your foresail, and set your spanker-boom abaft the peak? And there you are!" he concluded with an air of triumph which I felt ought to have carried conviction to my mind. So I replied vaguely, "Yes. There you are, as you say," and immediately afterwards escaped below, leaving the gallant Tar to tackle the Skipper, though I dared not think what the immediate consequences of a *rencontre* with old SALTHORSE would be.

On returning to saloon, found tea laid, and the two ladies being vastly entertained by BUSKIN's conversation. Went to take my place at head of table, but discovered my own chair there, in possession of *Agrippa*. Should like to kie—kiss that dog. Took smaller and uncomfortable chair, and endeavoured to be pleasing in manner whilst requesting BAA LAMB to pour out tea. Afterwards found that I had given mortal offence to Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN by not asking her to officiate. GOBBLEDOWN airily declined tea, without mentioning the fact that directly he came on board he had consumed a large bottle of Allsopp and, later on, a whisky and soda. GOBBLEDOWN quite the sort of man to take all trouble off the shoulders of an anxious host desirous of entertaining his guests, as he answers every question which is asked, no matter whether it is addressed to him or not. Can always hear him all over the ship.

Had to lend my newest silk pyjamas to BUSKIN, as his luggage had not turned up, even at nine o'clock, when I again sent gig ashore in quest of it. BUSKIN quite jovial about the matter, though the hands were getting a bit tired of these constant journeys to the shore.

Admiral insisted upon sitting up till midnight. So fatiguing, as I always go to bed at ten. GOBBLEDOWN drank four whiskies and sodas, and became argumentative. BUSKIN recited to us. Never felt so depressed before.

To bed at last, quite worn out.

(Continued in our next.)